



# the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney

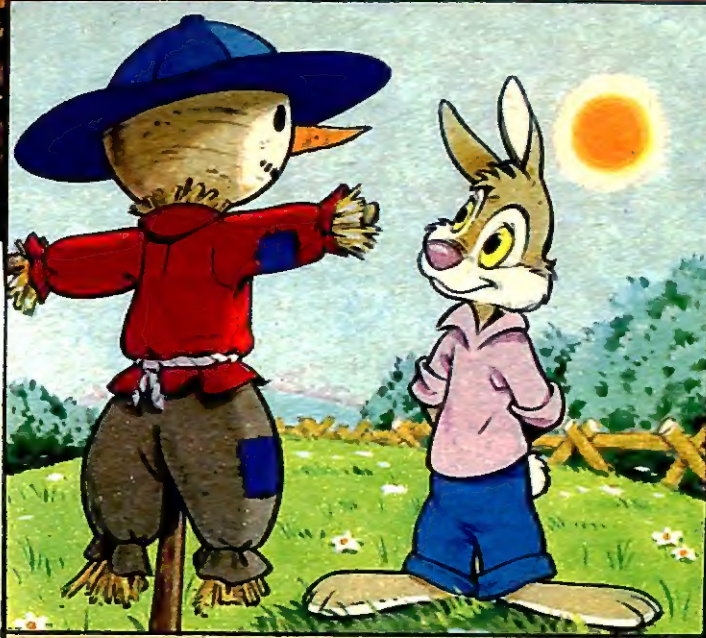
The  
**Exciting Story**  
OF  
**THE SWORD IN  
THE STONE**  
*is inside*





# WAY DOWN YONDER IN \*Briar\*Patch\*

Way down in the Deep South of the United States there once lived an old man named Uncle Remus who loved to tell stories, and a little boy who loved to hear stories. Every evening, just before it was his bedtime the boy ran down the garden path to the old man's cabin. He knew there would be another funny and exciting tale waiting for him—a tale of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and the other animals who lived in a special place called Briar Patch. Here is one of those tales.

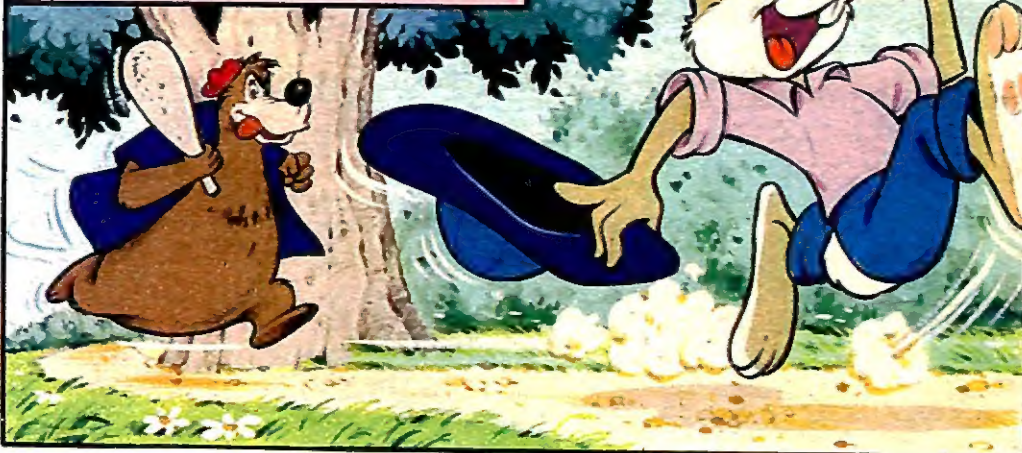


1. Brer Rabbit was out one day in the hot sun when he saw a scarecrow. "How-do, Scarecrow!" he said. "I'd like to borrow your hat!"



2. Now old Scarecrow didn't put up any argument, so Brer Rabbit clapped the hat on his head, he did, and felt some cooler. It so happened that Brer Bear had been feeling mighty put out with Brer Rabbit just lately and he'd been waiting for to give Brer Rabbit a good whipping. As Brer Rabbit came along, Brer Bear got ready to jump out on him.

3. Brer Rabbit dodged quicker'n you could say "You can't catch me Brer Bear!" and off he went lickety-split! "Come back, Brer Rabbit!" bawled Brer Bear. But Brer Rabbit was having none of that, no, sirree! Brpp! Brpp! Brpp! went his feet along the ground. Meanwhile up ahead, Brer Fox was also out to catch Brer Rabbit. He hadn't a whipping in mind. Oh, no! He was thinking of rabbit stew.



4. "I've got a good notion, a mighty good notion, I have," he was chuckling. "I'm dressing myself up like an old gypsy woman fortune-teller, and when Brer Rabbit comes hopping along, I'm goin' to ask him if he would like to step inside my tent so that I can tell him what's in store for him." Say now, honey child, do you think you can tell me what Brer Fox had in store for Brer Rabbit? Of course you can. He had a great big stew-pot in mind, hadn't he, full of juicy rabbit, 'cos if there's one thing Brer Fox likes better than a plate of juicy rabbit stew, it's two plates of rabbit stew.



5. "Hee! Hee! Here comes rabbit stew on fast running legs," chuckled Brer Fox, clapping his hands as Brer Rabbit came hurrying into sight. Well, Brer Rabbit sure has got sharp eyes most of the time, but today he was so flustered and blustered 'cos Brer Bear was a-chasing after him, that he didn't recognise Brer Fox right away. "Good-day to you, little stranger," said Brer Fox in a squeaky voice quite unlike his own.



6. "Come into my parlour—er, that is to say my tent," went on Brer Fox "and I'll tell you your fortune." And Brer Rabbit thought, thought he "If I hide in that tent, Brer Bear won't be a-finding me today." Madam Fortune-teller held the tent flap open, inviting Brer Rabbit inside. Brer Rabbit had his hand to his mouth, thinking again, and his eyes began to sharpen up a piece. Right soon he thought he saw something familiar. "I'll follow you in," said Brer Rabbit politely.

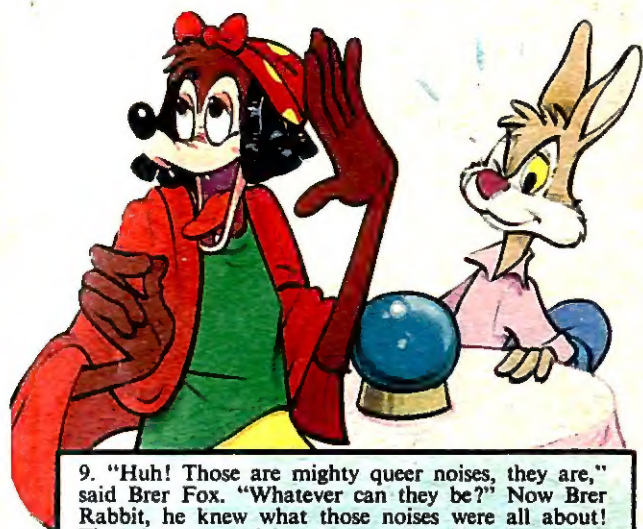




7. So into the tent went Brer Rabbit, almost treading on the heels of old man Fox. Brer Rabbit sure wanted to keep out of the way of Brer Bear, who wasn't far behind him. That was when he spotted a long bushy tail. "H'm!" he thought to himself. "Something tells me I've seen that long bushy tail quite recently some place else." His next thinkery told him that he had. In fact he had seen that tail hanging on the back end of Brer Fox.



8. Then it was that Brer Rabbit realised that that old gipsy woman fortune-teller wasn't an old gipsy woman fortune-teller at all, but Brer Fox himself. Brer Fox looked down into a big green crystal ball. "Now let me see what I can see is in store for you, my little furry fellow," he grinned. "You make yourself at home now, because I won't keep you very long. It is all becoming quite clear." He was just about to tell Brer Rabbit that he could see he was going to be in hot water before long, when there came a loud *thumping and bumping*, just like thunder.



9. "Huh! Those are mighty queer noises, they are," said Brer Fox. "Whatever can they be?" Now Brer Rabbit, he knew what those noises were all about! That *thumping and bumping* was Brer Bear thundering along after him, but Brer Rabbit didn't want Brer Fox to know that. "Seems like thunder to me, ma'am," said Brer Rabbit. "H'm! Maybe so," replied Brer Fox, "but what's all that *wheezing and screezing*?" Well, the *wheezing and screezing* was Brer Bear panting as he chased along. But Brer Rabbit said, said he: "That surely sounds like pouring rain. I guess we've got ourselves one enormous thunder-storm, ma'am."



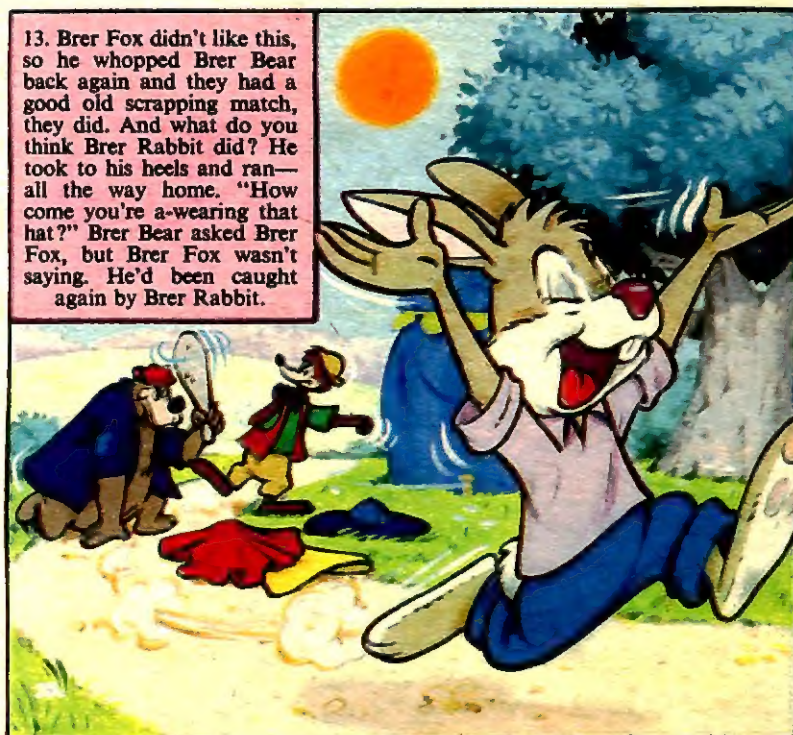
10. "Oh shucks," grumbled Brer Fox, "and I haven't brought a rain-coat with me." Brer Rabbit smiled politely. "Pray allow me to lend you a helping hand, ma'am," he said. "You just take this here big floppy hat and put it over your head. That will keep the rain off, it will." So Brer Fox took the hat.



11. "What a good little fellow you are," grinned Brer Fox, and he put the hat on his head. "I hope it fits," said Brer Rabbit, "because it looks to me as though you've got a mighty big head, ma'am—yes, ma'am, a *mighty big head*." He looked real innocent when he said this, did Brer Rabbit, because old man Fox was looking at him real suspicious. "Now, ma'am," went on Brer Rabbit, "why don't you just put your head outside and see if it's still raining a thunder-storm, or if it's stopped raining yet?"



12. And that is just what Brer Fox did. He poked his head outside the tent to see how the rain was a-getting along and Brer Bear, who was just taking a rest outside, caught sight of that floppy hat. He didn't wait to see who was under it. He just chuckled: "Got you, Brer Rabbit!" and whopped Brer Fox on the head with his big club. The rest of Brer Fox fell out of the tent with a *bomp* and Brer Bear immediately gave him another whop. Then he gave him another one. "That's for luck," grinned Brer Bear.



13. Brer Fox didn't like this, so he whopped Brer Bear back again and they had a good old scrapping match, they did. And what do you think Brer Rabbit did? He took to his heels and ran—all the way home. "How come you're a-wearing that hat?" Brer Bear asked Brer Fox, but Brer Fox wasn't saying. He'd been caught again by Brer Rabbit.





# *Sing a song of Pecos Bill*

Have you heard tell of Pecos Bill?  
Well, if not yet, you never will!  
So sit you down and listen to  
The tales of this wild buckaroo.

With pistols one on either side,  
Upon his trusty horse he'd ride.  
Together they would sing a lay,  
And take it easy all the day.

Now Pecos Bill, true son of a gun,  
Would sometimes use a rope for fun,  
For instance he would skip along  
On horseback while he sang his song.

One day a "twister" from the sky  
Whirled down and Pecos Bill cried  
"Hi!  
We can't have that!" and roped the  
gust,  
Then galloped off 'mid clouds of  
dust.



He galloped fast, he galloped far—  
His broncho could outrun a car.  
He came at last to Mexico,  
And there he let the "twister" go.

He saw a warrior redskin band,  
And took a gun in either hand.  
He chased them then, did Pecos Bill,  
O'er mountain, stream and sandy hill.

He chased them here, he chased them  
there,  
Across the prairies, everywhere!  
Until at last the redskins found  
A happier happy hunting ground.

"And don't come back!" said Pecos  
Bill.  
(I understand that they're there  
still!)  
So give three cheers for Bill so  
brave,  
Who laughter to the Wild West gave!







THE Old Grey Donkey, Eeyore, stood by himself in a thistly corner of the forest, his front feet well apart, his head on one side, and thought about things. Sometimes he thought sadly to himself, "Why?" and sometimes he thought, "Wherefore?" and sometimes he thought, "Inasmuch as which?"—and sometimes he didn't quite know what he was thinking about. So when Winnie-the-Pooh came stumping along, Eeyore was very glad to be able to stop thinking for a little, in order to say "How do you do?" in a gloomy manner to him.

"And how are you?" said Winnie-the-Pooh.

Eeyore shook his head from side to side.

"Not very how," he said. "I don't seem to have felt at all how for a long time."

"Dear, dear," said Pooh, "I'm sorry about that. Let's have a look at you."

So Eeyore stood there, gazing sadly at the ground, and Winnie-the-Pooh walked all round him once.

"Why, what's happened to your tail?" he said in surprise.

"What *has* happened to it?" said Eeyore.

"It isn't there!"

"Are you sure?"

"Well, either a tail *is* there or it isn't there. You can't make a mistake about it. And yours *isn't* there!"

"Then what is?"

"Nothing."

"Let's have a look," said Eeyore, and he turned slowly round to the place where his tail had been a little while ago, and then, finding that he couldn't catch it up, he turned round the other way, until he came back to where he was at first, and then he put his head down and looked between his front legs, and at last he said, with a long, sad sigh, "I believe you're right."

"Of course I'm right," said Pooh.

"That Accounts for a Good Deal," said Eeyore gloomily. "It Explains Everything. No Wonder."



# WINNIE-THE-POOH

By A. A. MILNE

In which Eeyore loses a tail and  
Pooh finds one

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"You must have left it somewhere," said Winnie-the-Pooh.

"Somebody must have taken it," said Eeyore. "How Like Them," he added, after a long silence.

Pooh felt that he ought to say something helpful about it, but didn't quite know what. So he decided to do something helpful instead.

"Eeyore," he said solemnly, "I, Winnie-the-Pooh, will find your tail for you."

"Thank you, Pooh," answered Eeyore. "You're a real friend," said he. "Not like Some," he said. So Winnie-the-Pooh went off to find Eeyore's tail.

It was a fine spring morning in the forest as he started out. Little soft clouds played happily in a blue sky, skipping from time to time in front of the sun as if they had come to put it out, and then





PLES RING IF AN RNSER IS REQIRD.

Underneath the bell-pull there was a notice which said:

PLEZ CNOKE IF AN RNSER IS NOT REQID.

These notices had been written by Christopher Robin, who was the only one in the forest who could spell; for Owl, wise though he was in many ways, able to read and write and spell his own name WOL, yet somehow went all to pieces over delicate words like MEASLES and BUTTEREDTOAST.

Winnie-the-Pooh read the two notices very carefully, first from left to right, and afterwards, in case he had missed some of it, from right to left. Then, to make quite sure, he knocked and pulled the knocker, and he pulled and knocked the bell-rope, and he called out in a very loud voice, "Owl! I require an answer! It's Bear speaking."

And the door opened, and Owl looked out.

"Hallo, Pooh," he said. "How's things?"

"Terrible and Sad," said Pooh, "because Eeyore, who is a friend of mine, has lost his tail. And he's Moping about it. So could you very kindly tell me how to find it for him?"

"Well," said Owl, "the customary procedure in such cases is as follows."

"What does Crustimoney Proseedcake mean?" said Pooh. "For I am a Bear of Very Little Brain, and long words Bother me."

"It means the Thing to Do."

"As long as it means that, I don't mind," said Pooh humbly.

"The thing to do is as follows. First, Issue a Reward. Then—"

"Just a moment," said Pooh, holding up his paw. "What do we do to this—what you were saying? You sneezed just as you were going to tell me."

"I didn't sneeze."

"Yes, you did, Owl."

"Excuse me, Pooh, I didn't. You can't sneeze without knowing it."

"Well, you can't know it without something having been sneezed."

"What I said was, 'First Issue a Reward'."

"You're doing it again," said Pooh sadly.

"A Reward!" said Owl very loudly. "We write a notice to say that we will give a large something to anybody who finds Eeyore's tail."

"I see, I see," said Pooh, nodding his head. "Talking about large somethings," he went on dreamily, "I generally have a small something about now—about this time in the morning," and he looked wistfully at the cupboard in the corner of Owl's parlour; "just a mouthful of condensed milk or whatnot, with perhaps a lick of honey—"

"Well, then," said Owl, "we write out this notice, and we put it up all over the Forest."

"A lick of honey," murmured Bear to himself, "or—or not, as the case may be." And he gave a deep sigh, and tried very hard to listen to what Owl

sliding away suddenly so that the next might have his turn. Through them and between them the sun shone bravely; and a copse which had worn its firs all the year round seemed old and dowdy now beside the new green lace which the beeches had put on so prettily. Through copse and spinney marched Bear; down open slopes of gorse and heather, over rocky beds of streams, up steep banks of sandstone into the heather again; and so at last, tired and hungry, to the Hundred Acre Wood. For it was in the Hundred Acre Wood that Owl lived.

"And if anyone knows anything about anything," said Bear to himself, "It's Owl who knows something about something," he said, "or my name's not Winnie-the-Pooh," he said. "Which it is," he added. "So there you are."

Owl lived at The Chestnuts, an old-world residence of great charm, which was grander than anybody else's, or seemed so to Bear, because it had both a knocker and a bell-pull. Underneath the knocker there was a notice which said:







was saying.

But Owl went on and on, using longer and longer words, until at last he came back to where he started, and he explained that the person to write out this notice was Christopher Robin.

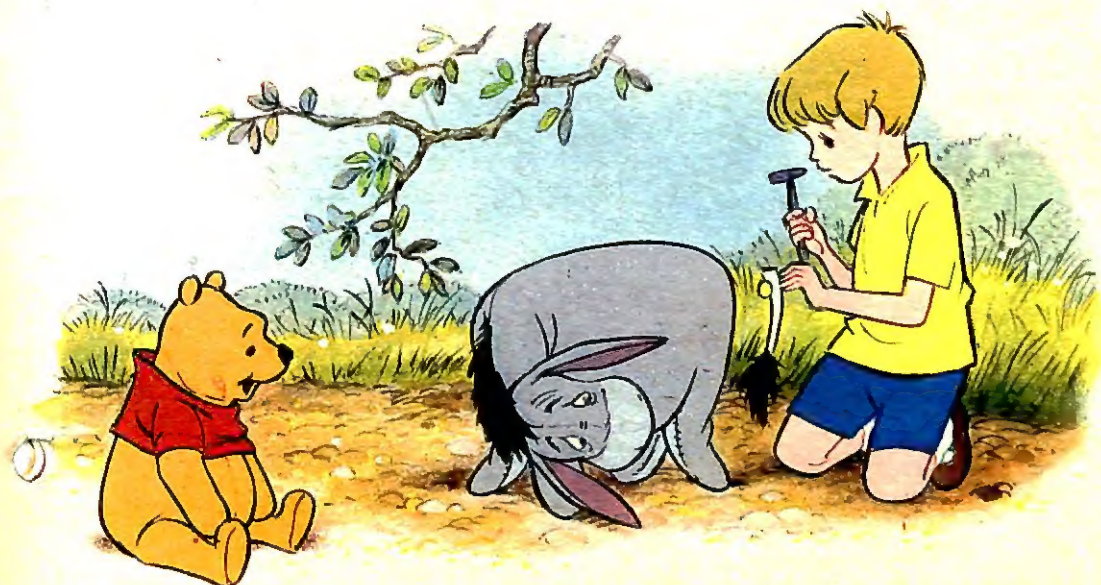
"It was he who wrote the ones on my front door for me. Did you see them, Pooh?"

For some time now Pooh had been saying "Yes" and "No" in turn, with his eyes shut, to all that Owl was saying, and having said, "Yes, yes," last time,

he said "No, not at all," now, without really knowing what Owl was talking about.

"Didn't you see them?" said Owl, a little surprised. "Come and look at them now."

So they went outside. And Pooh looked at the knocker and the notice below it, and he looked at the bell-rope and the notice below it, and the more he looked at the bell-rope, the more he felt that he had seen something like it, somewhere else, sometime before.



"Handsome bell-rope, isn't it?" said Owl.

Pooh nodded.

"It reminds me of something," he said, "but I can't think what. Where did you get it?"

"I just came across it in the Forest. It was hanging over a bush, and I thought at first somebody lived there, so I rang it, and nothing happened, and then I rang it again very loudly, and it came off in my hand, and as nobody seemed to want it, I took it home, and—"

"Owl," said Pooh solemnly, "you made a mistake. Somebody did want it."

"Who?"

"Eeyore. My dear friend Eeyore. He was—he



was fond of it."

"Fond of it?"

"Attached to it," said Winnie-the-Pooh sadly.

\* \* \*

So with these words he unhooked it, and carried it back to Eeyore; and when Christopher Robin had



nailed it on in its right place again, Eeyore frisked about the forest, waving his tail so happily that Winnie-the-Pooh came over all funny, and had to hurry home for a little snack of something to sustain him. And, wiping his mouth half an hour afterwards, he sang to himself proudly:

*Who found the Tail?*

"I," said Pooh,

"At a quarter to two

(Only it was quarter to eleven really),  
*I found the Tail!"*





Here is the March Hare from "Alice in Wonderland". What a crazy, lovable fellow he is. Perhaps you would like to know something about the real hares, for their ways of life are very interesting indeed.

# ANIMALS

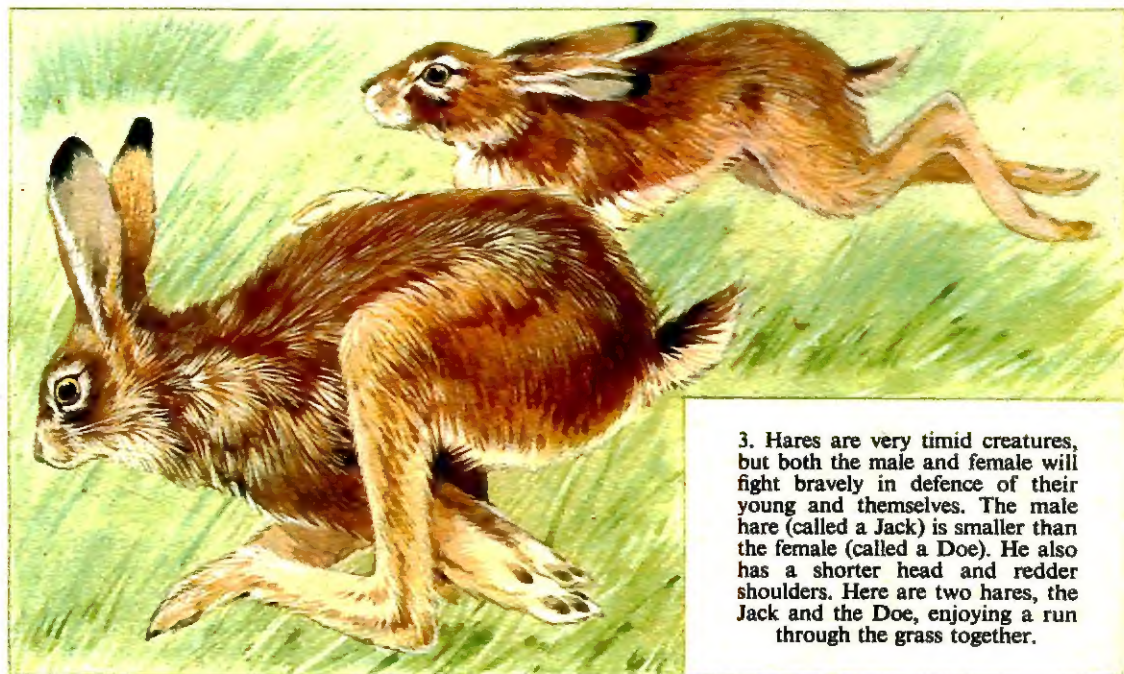
## OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

This Week:  
**THE HARE**

1. At first glance the hare looks like a rabbit, but in fact the hare has a longer body, longer back legs and longer ears which are always black-tipped. Here you can see a hare and a rabbit together. The differences between them are quite clear, aren't they?



2. Here is the head of a hare. He has many black and white whiskers and his eyes are large and prominent. They are situated well to the side of his head, so helping him to see clearly in many directions. It is just as well, for the hare needs good eyesight, as you will learn by reading on.



3. Hares are very timid creatures, but both the male and female will fight bravely in defence of their young and themselves. The male hare (called a Jack) is smaller than the female (called a Doe). He also has a shorter head and redder shoulders. Here are two hares, the Jack and the Doe, enjoying a run through the grass together.



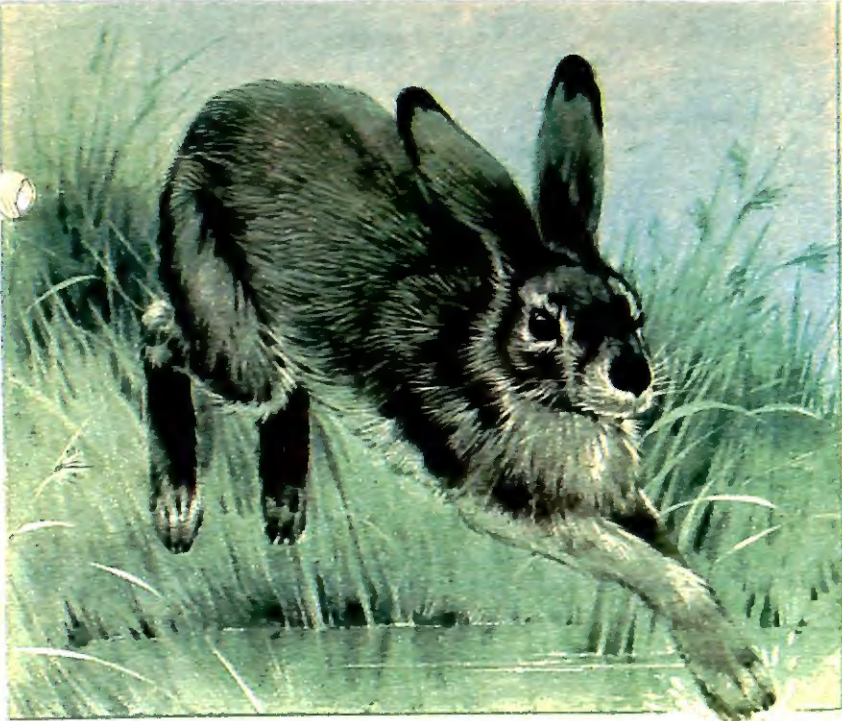
4. Unlike the rabbit, the hare does not burrow and make its home underground. He is quite happy with a slight depression (called a "form") in long grass, and he will squat there most of the day, looking all round, but always ready to speed into action when his keen sense of hearing, eyesight and smell tell him that danger is near.

5. In the twilight, Mr. Hare sets out to feed and he does not return to his "form" until day-break. Now it is that the hare shows how cunning he is. He knows that as he runs he leaves behind him a scent that could be picked up by a greedy fox or polecat. He further



knows that he has to break the scent of his trail, so when he leaves his "form" (and again when returning to it next morning) he will suddenly turn at right-angles and make a tremendous leap, maybe fifteen feet or more, to the top of a small hillock.





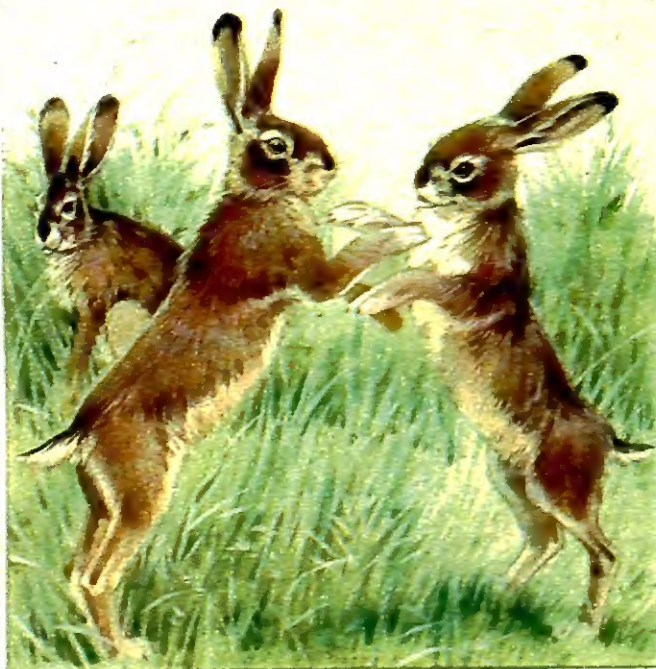
6. At once he takes off in another mighty bound. If he is a hare of extra cunning he will have positioned his "form" so that this second leap takes him into marshy ground where he will leave no scent. Then he goes in search of a meal, feeling reasonably sure that his trail cannot be followed.



7. The hare eats tree-bark, grain and roots and is very fond of young trees. He also fancies carrots, lettuces and turnips, as most farmers can tell you to their cost. If you live in the country and have a garden of flowers, watch out for Mr. Hare, for he will also feed off carnations, dahlias and nasturtiums.



8. The hare is a good swimmer. He will often cross a river or a stream in order to reach a better feeding-ground or to escape from danger. Some hares live in marshy areas all the time and feed on water plants.



9. Now why do we say "Mad as a March Hare"? Well, in the spring-time Mr. Hare goes a-courting and this is a very exciting time for him. He kicks and grunts and bucks high in the air. Should a rival come near his girl friend, he will stand up and fight, using his forepaws much as a boxer uses his fists.



10. But whereas a boxer only uses his fists, the hare uses his feet as well. He will leap over his rival and then give a mighty backward kick which will knock the other hare head over heels. It might look like fun but it isn't!



11. A doe usually has two, three or four babies. They are born with their eyes open and from birth are quite active, so much so that a very young hare will soon make its own little "form" beside its mother's. They are ready to look after themselves when they are only a month old.



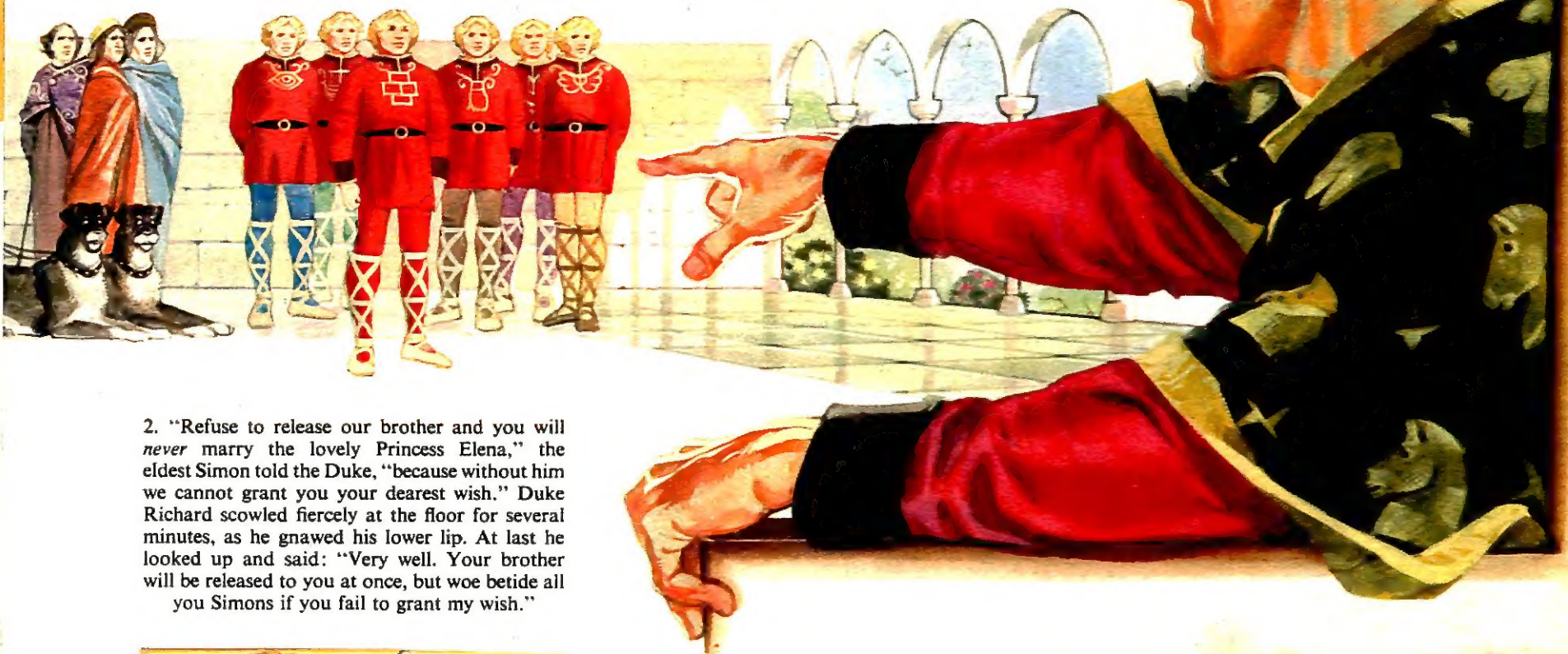
12. The doe, until her young off-spring are ready to leave her, is a very good mother. Indeed, she will fight desperately to protect them. But as soon as they are able to look after themselves, she runs away and leaves them. That is when a young hare has to learn—and learn *fast*—to take care of himself.



# THE TALES OF Mother Goose



1. Hallo there! Do you remember that last week I told you how Duke Richard the Magnificent wanted to marry the beautiful Princess Elena, who lived on the island of Buridan, a full ten year journey from Duke Richard's country? And furthermore that Elena's father, the King of Buridan, had sworn to destroy any other ruler who sought his daughter's hand in marriage? Well, the eldest of seven brothers—all named Simon—told the Duke that they would help him to win the hand of the Princess if he would release the youngest brother, who had been imprisoned by the Duke.



2. "Refuse to release our brother and you will never marry the lovely Princess Elena," the eldest Simon told the Duke, "because without him we cannot grant you your dearest wish." Duke Richard scowled fiercely at the floor for several minutes, as he gnawed his lower lip. At last he looked up and said: "Very well. Your brother will be released to you at once, but woe betide all you Simons if you fail to grant my wish."



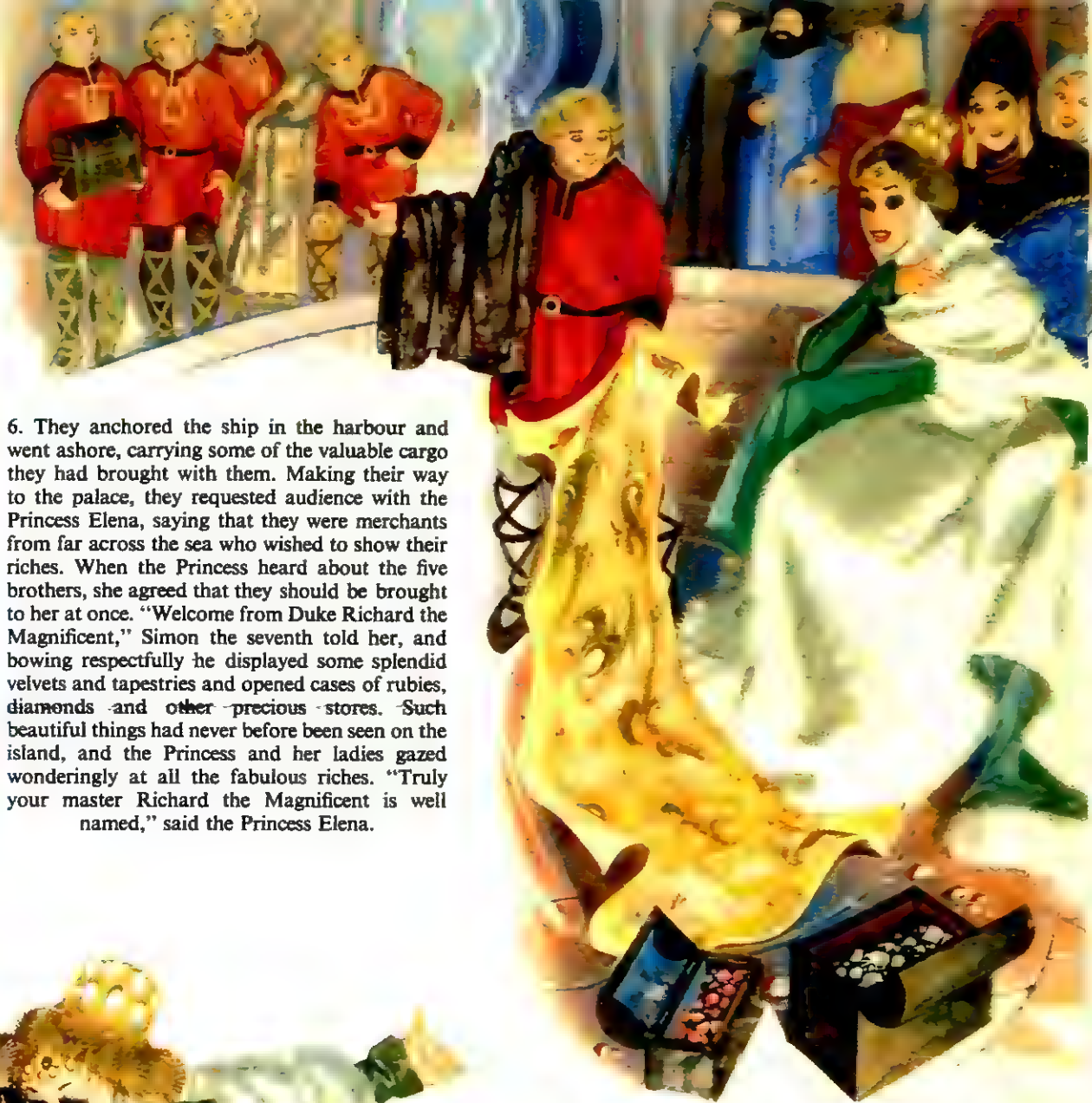
3. The youngest Simon, pale and half-starved, was brought from prison. Then the Duke looked at the seven brothers and asked them to tell him how they would obtain for him the hand of the Princess Elena. At once the third Simon said "I will build you a ship that will take you to the land of Buridan, not in ten years *but in one week!* But when you get there, how will you win her heart? Remember, her father has sworn to destroy all who seek to marry her." The Duke frowned. He knew not what to say. The third Simon smiled and pointed to his half-starved youngest brother. "Simon the seventh, the thief, will steal her for you, Your Grace," he said. "Where all others would fail, he will succeed."

4. The Duke had imprisoned Simon the seventh for being a clever thief, although the youngster had never yet stolen anything seriously. At first he did not like the idea of having to rely on a thief to help him, but the other six Simons swore that there was no other way. So finally Duke Richard agreed. "But how do I know you will keep your word and bring back the Princess?" asked the Duke. Simon the seventh shrugged his shoulders. "Keep my two eldest brothers here against my return," said he "but allow my four other brothers to come with me, for I shall need their help." To this the Duke agreed, and the seven Simons built the wonderful ship within a few days. It was then loaded with rich silks and brocades, velvets, pearls and jewels of every description. Then it set sail for the island of Buridan with the five Simons aboard.





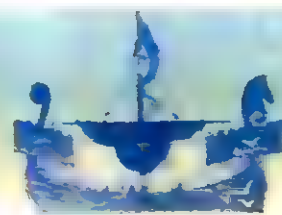
5. It seemed that no sooner had they set sail than they were out of sight. The ship cut swiftly through the waters like a falcon through the air, and at dawn, just a week after leaving Duke Richard the Magnificent, the five Simons sighted the wonderful island of Buridan.



6. They anchored the ship in the harbour and went ashore, carrying some of the valuable cargo they had brought with them. Making their way to the palace, they requested audience with the Princess Elena, saying that they were merchants from far across the sea who wished to show their riches. When the Princess heard about the five brothers, she agreed that they should be brought to her at once. "Welcome from Duke Richard the Magnificent," Simon the seventh told her, and bowing respectfully he displayed some splendid velvets and tapestries and opened cases of rubies, diamonds and other precious stores. Such beautiful things had never before been seen on the island, and the Princess and her ladies gazed wonderingly at all the fabulous riches. "Truly your master Richard the Magnificent is well named," said the Princess Elena.



7. The Princess's eyes could not weary of looking at the lovely things. Her fingers stroked the rich soft stuffs and she held the sparkling jewels to the light, delighting in their brilliance. "Fairest of princesses," said Simon the seventh, he who was the thief, "be pleased to accept these silks and velvets and jewels as gifts for you and your ladies, for these are no special treasures. They are as nothing to the many coloured tapestries, the gorgeous jewels and ropes of pearls which we have for sale in our ship. If it seems good to you to honour our vessel with a visit, you might choose to purchase such things as please your eyes." He spoke so cunningly that the Princess was enchanted and went to her father immediately. "Dear father," she said, "some merchants have arrived with the most splendid wares. Pray allow me to go to their ship and choose what I like." The King thought and thought, frowned severely and scratched his chin, for he did not like the idea.

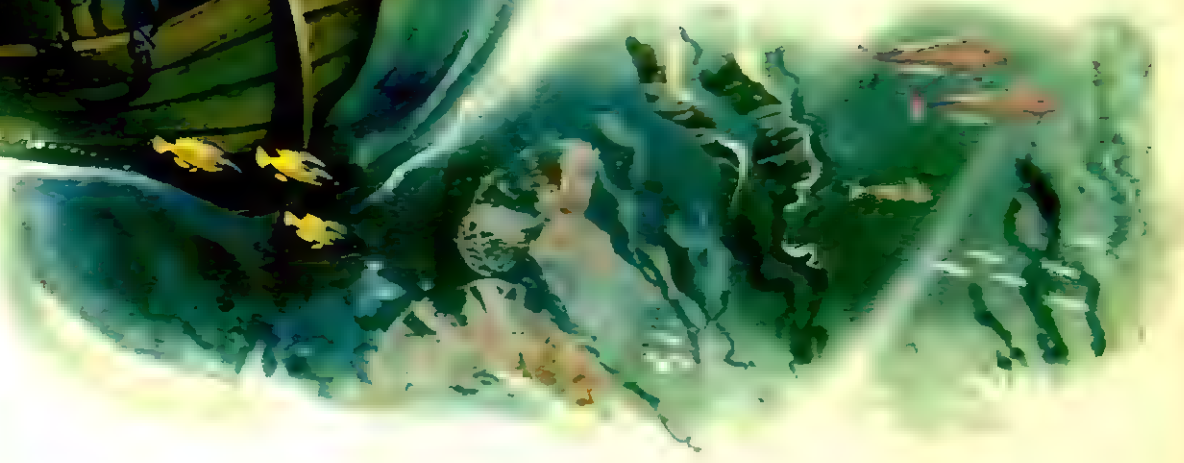


8. At last, the King grudgingly gave his consent. He ordered out his royal barge with a hundred knights and a thousand soldiers on board, to escort the Princess to the ship of the Simons. Off sailed the barge with the Princess and her well-armed escort to protect her. (please turn over)





9. When the barge drew alongside their ship, Simon the seventh went on board to conduct the Princess and led by him and followed by one of her ladies, she crossed the plank from one vessel to another. She was shown below to a cabin, and there she was so entranced with looking at the splendid riches laid out before her by the seventh Simon, that she did not even notice when the fourth Simon had seized the prow of the ship and dragged it down into the depths of the sea, where it began to race along through the green mysteries of the ocean.



10. The knights and soldiers aboard the royal barge shouted aloud with grief as the Simons' ship vanished from sight. There was nothing to be done but to sail back and tell the King of his loss. How he wept and stormed. "Oh, light of my eyes," he sobbed, "I am indeed punished for my pride. I thought no one good enough to be your husband and now you are lost in the depths of the sea." While the King of Buridan was raging and lamenting in this fashion, Simon the fourth was bringing the ship to the surface again. At that moment, the Princess bethought herself that it was time to return home. She tore herself away from all the riches and went up on deck. Neither her father's barge nor the Island of Buridan was in sight. At once she realized that she had been kidnapped and rounded furiously on the five Simons, who were smiling gently.



11. Then because she knew how to practise magic, she changed into a white swan and flew off; but the fifth Simon raised his longbow and shot the swan. At once the sixth Simon sprang high into the air and caught the wounded bird.



12. Then the swan changed itself into a silver fish and, slipping through the sixth Simon's fingers, tumbled into the sea. Simon lost no time in diving after it, down, down, down into the cold waters and recapturing the fish.



13. No sooner had Simon the sixth brought the fish aboard however, than it changed once again, this time into a mouse. It darted towards a hole, but Simon sprang upon it more swiftly than a cat and caught it.

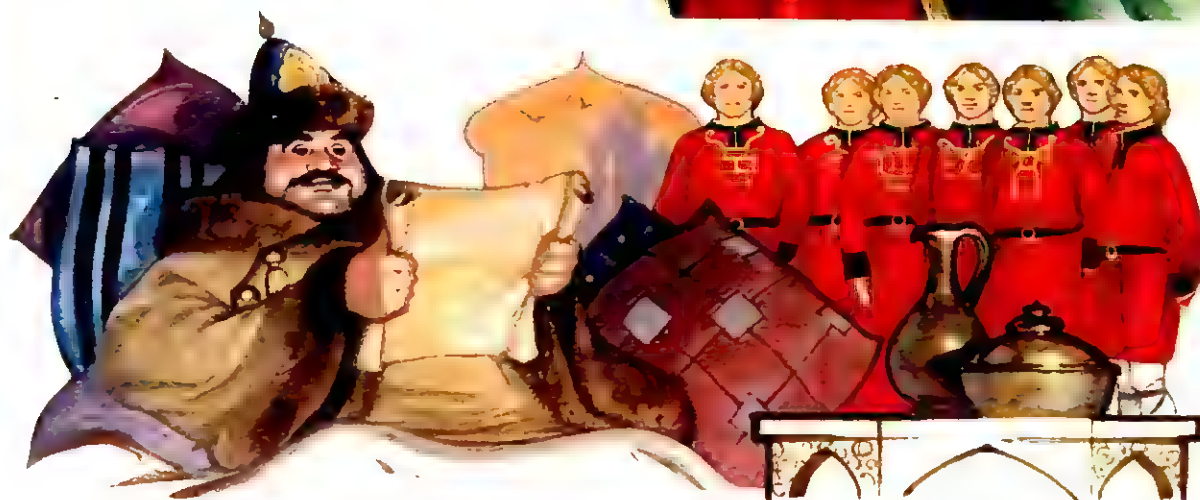




14. Early one morning, Duke Richard the Magnificent sat thoughtfully at his window gazing out to sea. His heart was sad and he could neither eat nor drink. His thoughts were full of the Princess Elena, who was as lovely as a dream. Suddenly he saw something on the horizon. Was it a giant white gull flying towards the shore, or was it a sail? He sprang to his feet as the wonder-ship of the seven Simons sped towards the shore.



15. The Duke ran swiftly down to the little harbour, and as the Princess stepped ashore it seemed to him as though she shone like the sun, and the stars of heaven appeared to sparkle from her eyes. He took her hand. "Your highness," said he, "the fame of your beauty had reached me, but I had not dared to expect such loveliness. Still, I will not keep you here against your will. If you wish it, the wonder-ship will take you back to your father and your own country. But if you will consent to stay here, then reign over me and my country as our queen."



16. What more is there to tell? It is not hard to guess that Princess Elena listened to the Duke's wooing, and their betrothal took place with great pomp and rejoicings. The brothers Simon were sent again to the Island of Buridan, with a letter to the King from his daughter to invite him to her wedding. How delighted he was to learn she was still alive. He read the letter over and over again, treated the seven Simons with great kindness, and returned with them for the wedding celebration.



17. When the wonder-ship came home again, Duke Richard and Princess Elena were delighted to see the King and to know he approved of their marriage. The Duke laughed merrily and said to the seven brothers: "A thousand thanks to you, my brave fellows! Take what gold, silver and precious stones you will from my treasure. Tell me if there is anything more you wish for, and I will give it to you. Do you wish to be made nobles, or to govern towns? Only speak!" The seven Simons shook their heads and smiled.



18. The eldest Simon said "We are plain folk, Your Grace, and understand simple things best. How stupid we would look as nobles or governors! Nor do we desire riches. We have our farm which gives us food, and as much money as we need. If you wish to reward us, then grant that our land will be free of taxes and, of your goodness, pardon my brother Simon the seventh for being a thief. After all, he stole your bride for you with his cunning tongue and winning ways. It was thus that she was lured aboard our ship." "So be it," smiled Duke Richard the Magnificent. Then he invited all the valiant brothers to his wedding feast. And what a feast it was! (Mother Goose will be here again next week with another exciting story for you.)





# MICKEY AND THE BEANSTALK

1. Mickey and his two friends Donald and Goofy were in trouble—Donald and Goofy particularly, because they weren't only in trouble, they were also in a locked box and the key to that box was in the possession of a sleeping giant named Willie. Mickey looked over the edge of the shelf on which he was standing. "Now how do I get that key?" he wondered. Then he had the brightest of bright ideas. Taking a huge needle from a giant-sized knitting basket nearby, he thrust the needle down through the hole in a reel of thread, so anchoring the thread to the shelf. Then he started to unwind the thread over the edge of the shelf. Mickey, as brave as he was clever, then started to climb down the thread. He landed lightly on the giant's head, then dropped down on to the giant's broad shoulder. The giant had crossed his hands on his chest and Mickey knew that the key that would set Donald and Goofy free was in one of those hands. But in which hand?



2. "I think I know how to find out," chuckled Mickey and taking off his feathered hat, he tickled the giant's nose with the feather. "KA-KA-TCHOO!" sneezed Willie and the key flew out of his right hand. Mickey caught it neatly even as Willie sneezed again. "KA-KA-KA-AND-TISHOOO!" He rubbed his eyes and Mickey held his breath. Then fortunately Willie fell fast asleep again. Mickey quickly climbed the thread, slipped the key in the box's key-hole and turned it. Donald and Goofy threw open the lid and clambered out. There wasn't a moment to lose. Down the thread they all slid; then they scrambled on to the table to rescue the Magic Harp. Willie's feet were on top of the table and Donald and Goofy, who were carrying the Harp, tip-toed past his huge shoes.

3. Then Mickey had another of his bright ideas. He stopped to tie the giant's shoe-laces together and then raced after his friends. The next problem was how to lower the Harp to the floor, for compared with the three friends, the table was two houses high. They managed it at last by clinging to the table-legs and passing the harp down, one to the other. It took them nearly an hour, but at last they reached the floor safely with the Harp. Then they took to their heels and ran towards the door. "Hurry, hurry," said the Magic Harp, "for the giant will awaken soon." She was right, because even at that moment Willie was sniffing and snuffling and scratching himself as slowly he awoke from his deep sleep. Suddenly he sat bolt upright and in great astonishment stared down at his mighty right hand. "Hey!" he thundered. "I had the key to my secret box in that hand when I fell asleep. Where is it? And where is my secret box? I have two funny fellows in it." He looked all over the table. "AND WHERE IS THE SINGING MAGIC HARP?" he bellowed at the top of his great voice.







4. With a roar of rage, the furious giant rose to his feet. At once he caught sight of Donald and Goofy running through the open doorway, carrying the Magic Harp between them. Mickey was following close behind. "Fee-Fi-Fo-Fum! Look out, midgets, here I come!" roared Willie and snatching up his huge spiked club from the table he started to run after Mickey and his friends. "Started" is the right word for, remember, Mickey had tied his shoe-laces together. Willie only took half a step and then KRRRR-ASH! he fell flat on his face and the mighty stone castle was shaken to its foundations. In fact, it was never the same again. For several minutes Willie just lay there, his head spinning. Across the moat in the bean-pod boat went the three friends with the Magic Harp, then through the forest, making for the beanstalk as fast as they could run. Behind them, Willie had managed to struggle to his feet. He waded across the moat and sped after the chums and the very earth shook as though an earthquake was taking place. Soon he was reaching out a hand—a *big* hand, a *huge* hand, a GIANT hand—to grab Mickey.

5. But Mickey was just a little too fast for the clumsy giant and he dodged the grasping fingers. Uttering an ear-splitting bellow of terrible fury, Willie raised his club on high and brought it smashing down. But again, fast as he was, Mickey was faster. He stepped swiftly to one side and the club missed him by inches. Great stones and boulders showered in all directions and one big stone struck Willie right on his dustbin-sized nose. "YOW!" he howled. And then for good measure: "OW-WOW-WOW!" While Willie clutched and fondled his aching nose, Mickey ran hot-foot towards the beanstalk. Already Donald and Goofy were half-way down, pushing and tugging and shoving and pulling and lifting and lowering the Magic Harp. "Oh, please, be careful," cried the Harp. And Goofy, who liked speaking in rhyme, puffed: "We know, dear Harp, this isn't a jest, just take my word, we're doing our best!" "Of course you are, Goofy," replied the Harp. "I'm sorry I doubted you for a moment." Donald snorted. "Just cut the cackle, Goofy, we've got no time for poetry now," he grumbled. "That may be so, indeed I know it, but I love speaking like a poet," replied Goofy.



6. Mickey reached the top of the beanstalk and started to climb down. He could hear the giant's footsteps coming nearer and nearer, for in spite of his aching nose, Willie was determined to get his great hands once again on the Magic Harp. Mickey came down in such haste, he all but tumbled down. Donald and Goofy had already reached the ground. "Go for a saw—quickly!" Mickey shouted to them. Donald and Goofy ran off with the Magic Harp and a few moments later returned with a big two-handed saw. "Start sawing—don't wait for me," cried Mickey and as he jumped to the ground, Donald and Goofy were hard at work, sawing through the beanstalk. At last the stalk cracked, wavered and swayed. Then with a tremendous THUD it crashed down into the valley. And high above, where the stalk had pierced the clouds, the three friends could see Willie's angry puzzled face peering down at them. "Good-bye, Willie," shouted Mickey cheerily. Then he and his chums set off to restore the Magic Harp to her rightful home. Soon, the valley was Happy Valley once more, and Mickey and his friends were the happiest of all.





# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



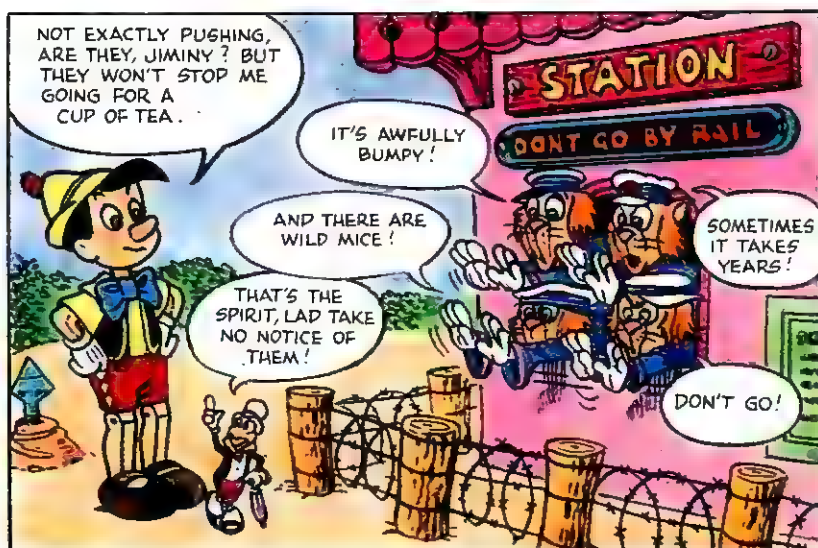
The other day our little lad,  
Found something that was not so bad,  
It was a cave, it was, he found—  
A round hole leading underground.



Although the entrance hole was dark,  
Inside was a large, sunny park,  
As bright and airy as could be,  
And also queer, as you will see!



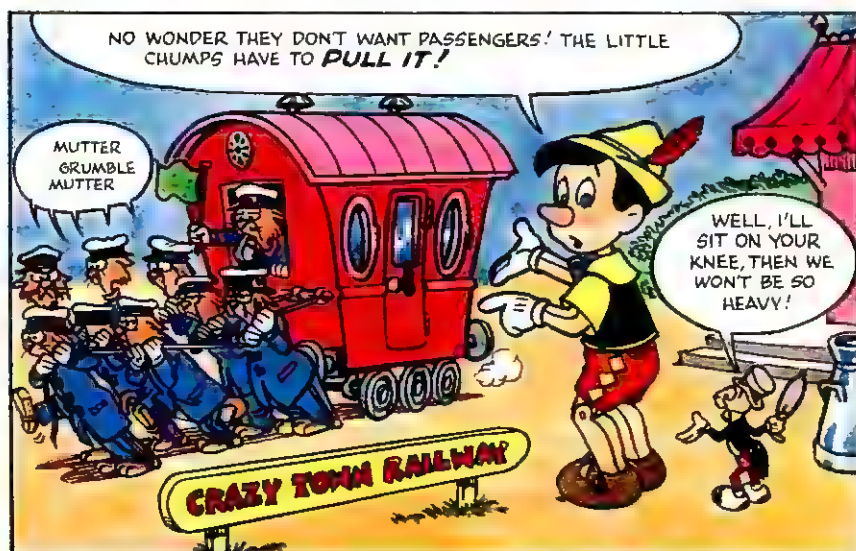
The place he'd found was Soppo Town,  
Where everyone acts like a clown,  
And daftishness is everywhere,  
Which Pino thought was very fair.



Pinocchio sort of thought that he  
Would like to sup a cup of tea,  
And chap said, "Now—if you want one—  
You'll have to catch a train, old son!"



At station, lots of little chumps,  
All weepish and down in the dumps,  
Tried hard to stop Pinocchio going—  
But he said, "NO!" to all their noe-ing!

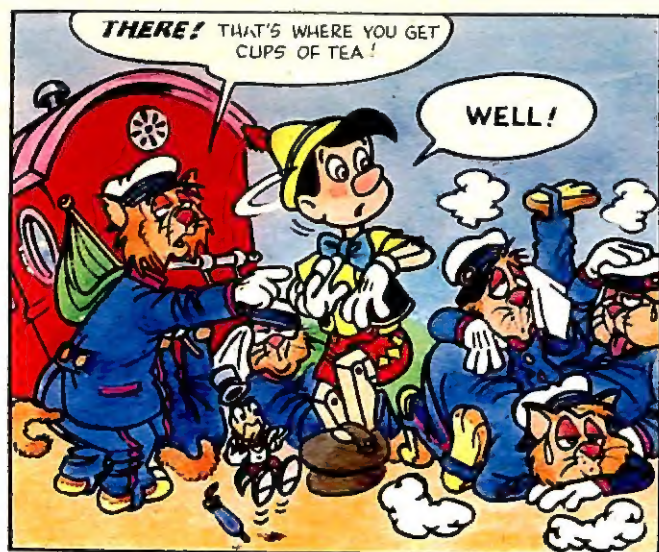


Lad soon saw then the reason why,  
These chaps had had their soppo try,  
They had to pull the train with strings,  
Of all the soppo, silly, things!



The carriage rolled o'er grassy downs  
Pulled by those potty little clowns,  
Until they reached a steepish bit,  
When they picked up and carried it!





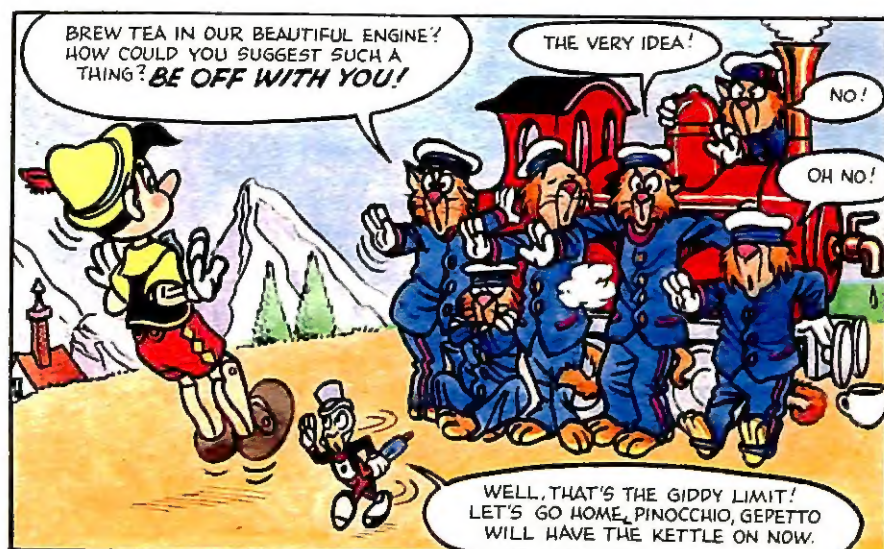
Although they never saw a station,  
At last they reached their destination.  
And guard to Pino said "There—see  
Is where you get your cup of tea."



Well now, I'll bet you've never seen,  
A sillier soppy sort of scene.  
You see, they used an engine for  
Brewing their tea—just that—no more!



How very great was their surprise,  
When Pino kindly put them wise,  
And said it was to pull their train,  
Which they would not now do again.



But Pino was annoyed when he  
Was told he could not have his tea.  
They said: "This here is not a kettle—  
Tea-making tends to rust the metal!"



So Pino homeward hurried back  
Along the winding railway track  
But got a shock, as you will see—  
'Cos, then there wasn't any tea!

## The Mad Hatter's Riddles

Hallo boys and girls,

I had one of my mad tea parties the other day and I asked Alice and the March Hare (you can see him on page 8) some riddles. It was no good asking the Dormouse because, as usual, he had fallen fast asleep. Anyway here are the riddles and I hope you have a good chuckle at the answers—just like they did.

What animal has the smallest appetite?

*A moth. It just eats holes!*

Why did the rocket lose its job?

*It was fired!*

What does a chicken do when it stands on one leg?

*It lifts the other leg up!*

Why can't an elephant ride a bicycle?

*He has no little finger to ring the bell!*

One of my Disney friends will be back with some more riddles for you next week so don't forget to look for them in "The Wonderful World of Disney".

'Bye for now, from your friend  
the MAD HATTER





# The Sword in the Stone

IN the great hall of the splendid castle that was his home, a certain knight strode angrily to and fro. "Lost him? What do you mean you've lost him?" he snapped at the dull, stupid youth who lounged at a table and tucked into his supper as if he couldn't have cared less.

Now the Knight was called Sir Ector, and the large, lazy youth was his son Kay. The two of them were speaking about Kay's young stepbrother Arthur, known to one and all as Wart, (in those days "Wart" rhymed with "Art" which was short for Arthur). The truth of the matter was that Kay couldn't have cared *less* about the boy Wart.

The reason for Sir Ector's rage was not hard to seek. What had happened was that earlier that day Kay had shot an arrow into a deep, dark wood and instead of going to search for it himself, he had sent Wart to find it.

Wart had not come back, however, and thinking that the younger boy must be lost in the wood, Kay had simply left him, not caring a jot what happened to him. Kay had then gone home alone. *That* wasn't a kindly thing to do, and Sir Ector was telling his son so in no uncertain manner.

As things had turned out though, Sir Ector need not have worried about Wart. The boy had met up with a wonderful old wizard called Merlin and they were at that moment strolling round the moat that surrounded the castle. Before entering the castle, Merlin was talking very seriously to the lad, for he—and he alone—knew the grand and glorious future that awaited Wart.

Sir Ector was just about to start shouting at his son yet again, when the door opened and in walked Wart and Merlin.

"So there you are, boy!" spluttered Sir Ector, who was very relieved and secretly quite pleased to see that Wart was safe and sound. "What do you mean by going off into the wood on your own like that? I've been worried out of my mind about you. Get you down to the kitchen and do some dish-washing. Maybe that will make you think twice before you cause such trouble again."

Obediently Wart turned away and as he disappeared towards the kitchen, Merlin stepped up to Sir Ector.

"Well? And who might you be?" asked Sir Ector sharply.

Merlin's pet owl, blinked with surprise on hearing his master being spoken to in such an angry tone of voice, but Merlin didn't seem to mind.

Very patiently, he explained how he had met Wart and after giving the boy a meal, had brought him back to the castle.

Sir Ector began to cool off a little when he realised how helpful this mysterious stranger had been. But Merlin's next words made him feel cross again.

"I've decided that Wart will need my help for a long time to come," said Merlin with a cheerful smile. "So from now on, I'm going to stay here at the castle and help the boy with his lessons. I'm sure you won't mind, will you?"

"S-s-stay *here*?" stuttered Sir Ector. "What impudence! What makes you think you'll be able to teach the lad any better than I can?"

"Ah, because I happen to be a wizard," replied Merlin. "And if you don't mind my saying so, I'll be able to teach Wart a great deal more than you can *ever* teach him."

It was plain to see that Sir Ector most certainly did mind Merlin saying so!

"A wizard!" he scoffed. "Huh! A likely story. You'll be telling me next that you can make it snow in here!"

Merlin smiled a secret little smile and shrugged his shoulders.

"If you like," he said softly. Then he waved his wand and said:

"Go sun, go, and blow wind, blow.

Hocus, pocus! Let it snow!"

And that's just what happened! Snow fell everywhere. When Sir Ector was at last up to his knees in a snowdrift right in the middle of the great hall of his castle, he couldn't very well *not* believe that Merlin was a wizard, could he?

He at once agreed that it was an *excellent* idea for Merlin to stay at the castle.

After all, thought Sir Ector, he didn't want to be turned into a toad or something, did he? That *might* happen to



Kay had shot an arrow into a deep, dark wood and had sent Wart to find it. Wart had not come back, however.



Wart and Merlin were strolling round the moat that surrounded the castle. Merlin was talking seriously for only he knew the glorious future that awaited Wart.





Snow fell everywhere and Sir Ector was soon up to his knees in a snowdrift in the middle of the great hall of his castle.



First the dishes flew into the air of their own accord, then dived into the washing-up water and out again into a dish-rack.

him if he upset this mysterious old man!

As for Merlin, he was so pleased with the way things had turned out that he popped into the kitchen and saved Wart a lot of work by using magic to wash the dishes. First they flew into the air of their own accord, then dived into the washing-up water and out again into a dish-rack.

Now what has all this got to do with the title "The Sword in the Stone?"

Well, this story took place long, long ago, at a time when King Uthur of Britain had died and the people were trying to decide who should be their new King.

In a churchyard in London Town, there had suddenly appeared a huge stone on top of which stood a mighty anvil. Thrust through the anvil and into the stone was a sword with a message written on its handle, saying that whoever could pull the sword out of the stone would be the next King. Many men tried to pull the sword, but all failed. After a while everyone forgot about it, so the stone, anvil and sword became overgrown with weeds.

Sir Ector had been one of the men who had tried in vain to pull out the sword. He had since given up all hope of becoming King, but he had made it his business to give his stupid son Kay the best training he could.

"Who knows?" thought Sir Ector. "Perhaps one

day Kay might have the chance to be King!"

Life went on in the castle, with Sir Ector making plans for Kay's future, while poor Wart worked hard as Kay's servant, cleaning his armour, polishing his sword and his lances. "Oh dear," muttered Wart one cold day as he carried one of Kay's heavy lances across the castle courtyard, "will I *never* live a happy life?"

And Merlin spent many hours reading his books and practising his magic. You see, he too, was making plans for the future. But it was *Wart's* future and happiness *he* was thinking about.

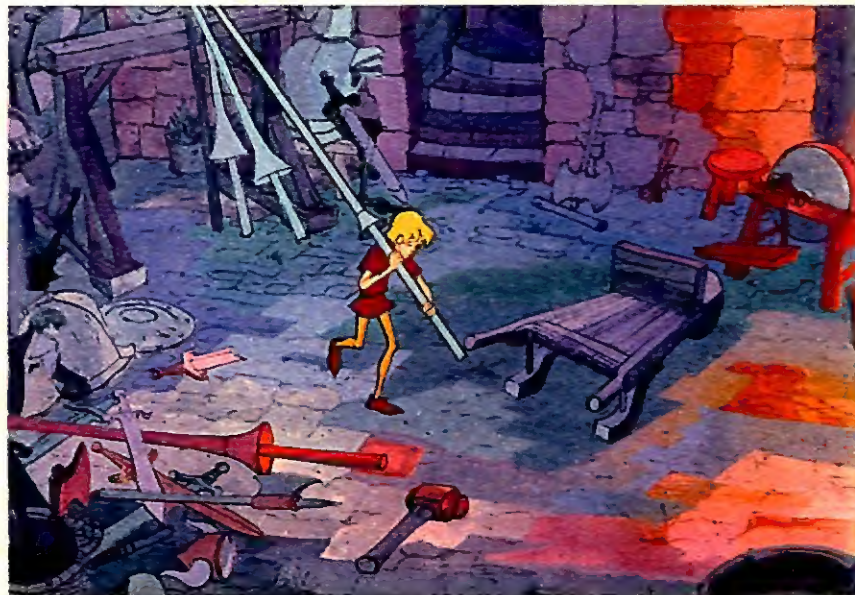
While he worked, Merlin sang this strange song:

*"Listen to the song I sing  
Now that Britain has no king!  
Here is news to make you start,  
The rightful heir is my friend Wart.*

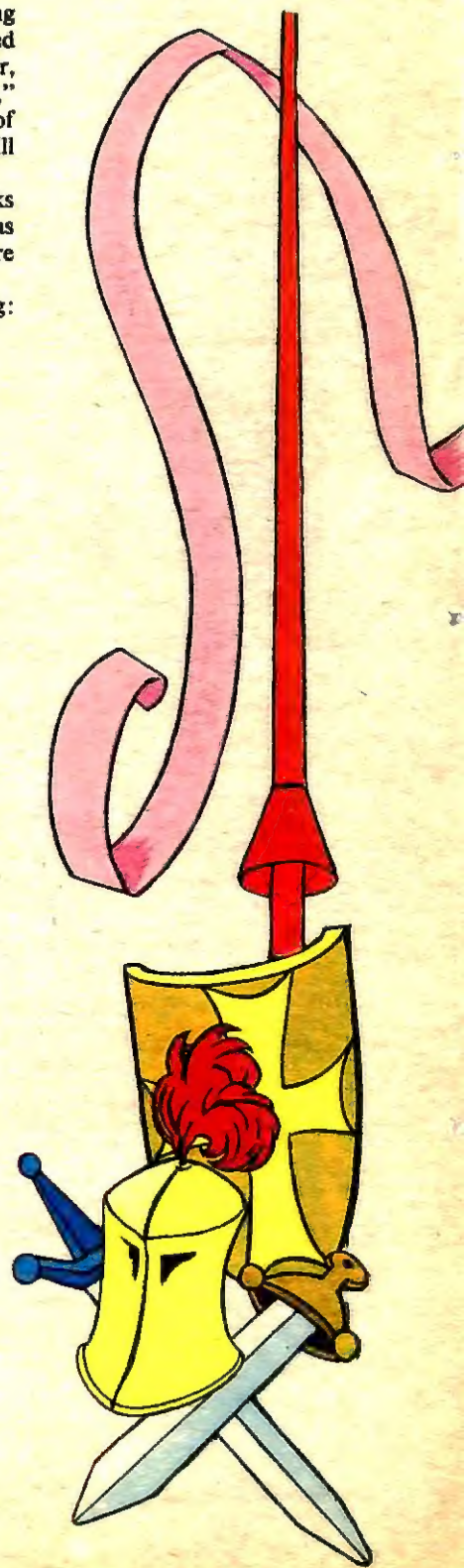
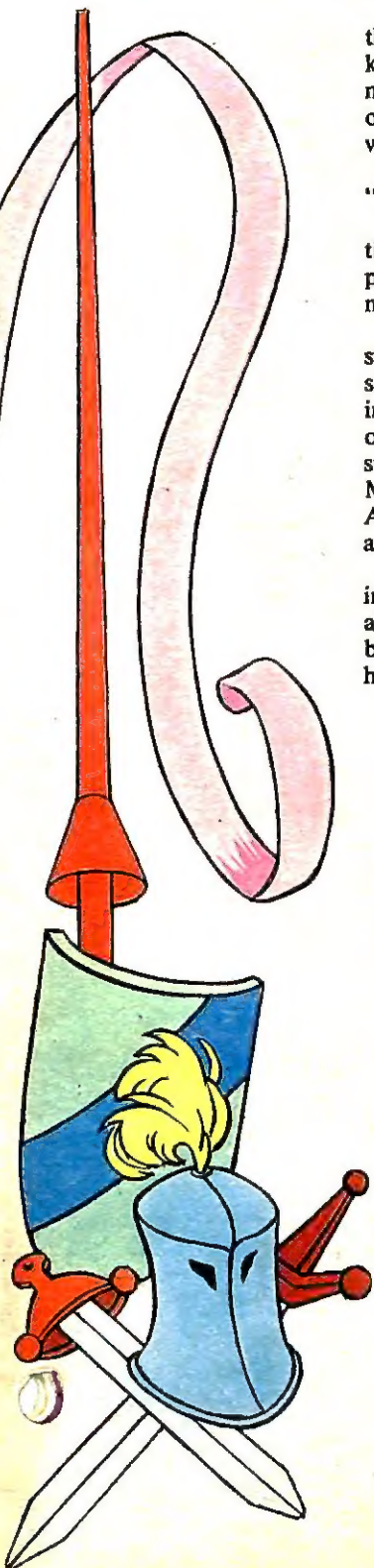
*Young he is, a right good boy,  
Always full of fun and joy,  
Yet his story's rather sad,  
He doesn't know who was his Dad.*

*Uther once our good king was,  
Ssh! My secret keep! Because  
Wart is Uther's only son,  
And now my song is sung and done!"*

There will be more magic and frolics next week!



"Oh, dear," muttered Wart one cold day as he carried one of Kay's heavy lances across the courtyard, "will I *never* live a happy life?"





# The WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

I'M OFF TO SEE IF ANYONE NEEDS ANY HELP, MR. CARPENTER.

RIGHT, MR. WALRUS. I'LL SEE YOU IN THE LAST PICTURE.

I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP THAT LITTLE OLD MAN!



THAT MARK WILL DO TO SHOW THE HEIGHT OF THE NEW FENCE ROUND MY NICE NEW BUNGALOW.

POOR OLD MAN, HE'S TOO OLD TO CHOP THIS BIG TREE DOWN. I'LL DO IT AND SURPRISE HIM!



IT'S HARD WORK BUT I THINK THE OLD GENTLEMAN WILL BE VERY PLEASED TO HAVE THE TREE CHOPPED DOWN!

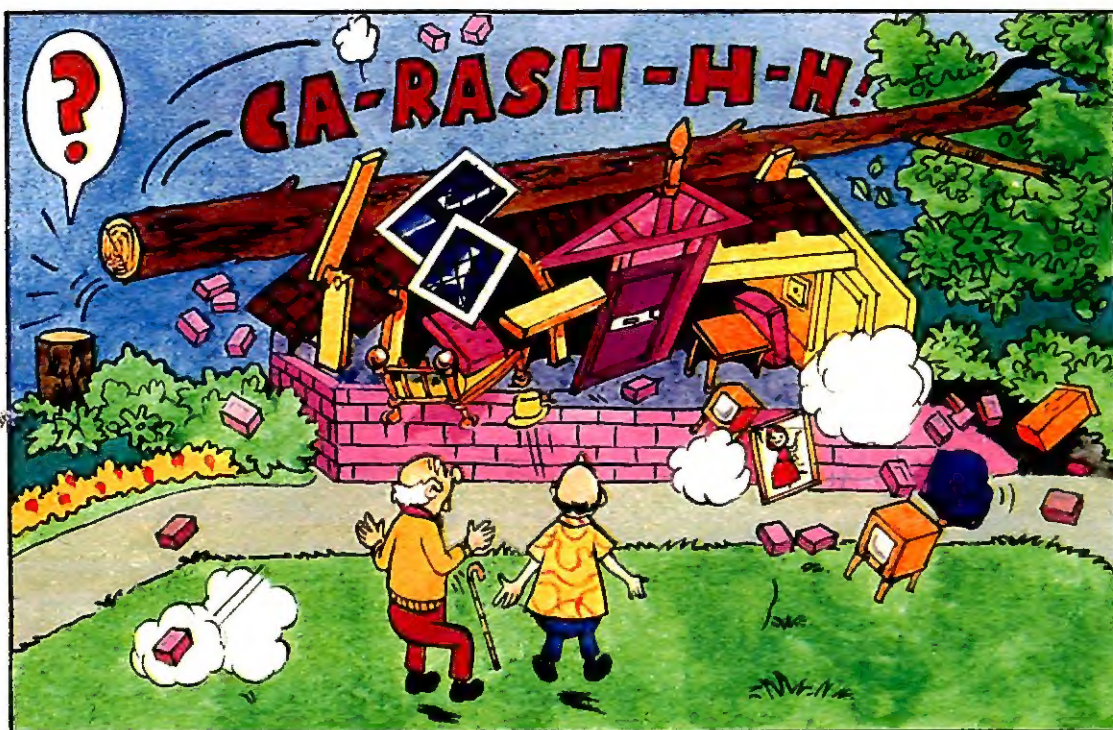


AT LAST! MY BEAUTIFUL BUNGALOW IS FINISHED — EXCEPT FOR THE FENCE! TAKEN ME FORTY YEARS IT HAS — AND ALL DONE WITH MY VERY OWN HANDS!

A PROUD MOMENT FOR YOU INDEED!



PHEW! THAT'S THAT! DOWN SHE GOES!



THERE'S ONE GOOD PIECE OF WOOD LEFT — AND I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO WITH IT!

